

IN EL DORADO COUNTY

By Joe Wright Hanson
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Hermione jerked her fish pole impatiently.

"I'm sure it's better fishing over in El Dorado county," she said plaintively.

"There was once a man," I answered, "who stood at the fork of a sandy, lonely country road, not knowing whether he should turn to the left or straight ahead. As he hesitated, a farmer came along and the man said, 'Which road leads to El Dorado?' and the farmer answered, 'Both.' And then? And the farmer answered, 'No matter; whichever one you take, you will wish you had taken the other.'"

"I suppose you mean that if we were in El Dorado county I should think it would be better fishing here in Placer county?" ventured Hermione.

"Possibly I do," I said, continuing my scribbling, though doggedly, for I was not in story writing mood. Presently I glanced to look down just as Hermione looked up. Something there was in her limpid eyes, her rose colored mouth, even the dash of color in her smooth cheek, which made me above my notebook hastily into my pocket. I told myself it was her resemblance to her sister May.

May was in Paris, selecting her trousseau. When she returned at some indefinite time—she really seemed to be in no more haste to get back than I was to have her come—we were to be married. We were not sentimentalists, but were looking forward to a successful comradeship undisturbed by disquieting elements of love. A looking union in which she would illustrate what her husband wrote. We had been engaged for three years without a quarrel. This, we argued, boded well for a pleasant future. Still there was no hurry.

But lately something had entered into my placid life which was setting me all awry. The mischief of it was, too, that the disturbance was not tangible. If it had been a debt, I could have paid it; if a tale rejected, I could have revised it; or laid it upon the flames; if poor health had been the disquieting cause, I could have sought a remedy, but it was none of these. It was an unseen, unheard-of, I had a faint idea of its birth. On the day of May's departure for Europe we had been discussing Hermione.

"She must live with us," I said.

"Oh, yes," answered May, "until she is married. I fancy she will marry young. She is going to make a very attractive woman."

Before that day I had been a contented man; since that day I lived in a misty world except when I resolutely forgot my absurd, unreasonable feeling.

"Come on, chicken," I called gayly to Hermione, "we'll go into El Dorado county."

Over the rocks we clambered, laughing—it is so easy for a child to be happy and for a grownup child to catch the spirit if he will—over the rocks, across the suspension bridge spanning the American river, and we had gone from Placer county into El Dorado.

"There! This is lots nicer," she said when we were again seated to her satisfaction.

How sweet her voice was, and really the child was going to be handsome more than her sister, though May was considered a beauty. Hermione was changed lately, somehow. Ah, it must be her hair, which used to hang down her back in a flowery braid. Today—why—a golden coronal, cleft here and there with a turquoise blue studded comb and topped off with a black bow. Why—

"What are you staring at me so for?" she asked, putting on her hat and blushing.

Fancy Hermione blushing!

"There was once a man," I answered hypocritically, "who was a—a—well, Cleo, for example, who was at work on a difficult mental problem, and at the time he was wearing hard at the family cat, for example, but he had no conception of the cat."

Hermione pouted. "If you call yourself Cleo, you might be a little more complimentary to me."

I laughed. Hermione always laughed if she had the faintest reason, so in a moment her dimples were in sight again. Strange I had never before noticed what a wealth of them there was.

"How old are you, child?" I asked suddenly.

"Eighteen," she answered, pulling her fish hook gently away from a snag. I missed over her answer, the tangle in my head trying hard to straighten itself. May was thirty-one—my own age—though she didn't look it. Eighteen—ah!

"If this trouble is in your story," suggested Hermione, "maybe I can help you." Her hazel eyes looked innocent, but I knew they were not.

"If only you might," I groaned, but I wasn't thinking of the half finished tale in my notebook. Suddenly all things had become plain to me. The ghost was laid, but what profit was it to me to gain understanding when it came three years too late?

"Well, who are the characters?" she asked precisely.

"A queen of beauty and wisdom and one little maid. It has three chapters. The first deals with a colossal mistake, the second with a fool's lethargy and

the third with an awakening which came too late."

"Oh, not too late!" protested Hermione. "You really must change that. It ought to end well."

"Some stories can't end well, little girl," I answered with conviction.

"We'll make it end well," she continued decidedly. "And the king?"

"The king?"

"Yes, if a story has a queen, doesn't it have to have a king too?"

"This story hasn't. There's no king—only the king's fool," I answered lightly.

"Is the king's fool in love with the queen?" Hermione's eyes followed the gentle eddying of her fish line.

"He—that's the approved predicament, I suppose."

"And the little maid loves the fool," she supplemented, "but he doesn't know it. By and by something happens."

Just then something did happen. Hermione's pole went frolicking down the river, and like lightning out of a clear sky Hermione, joyous hearted Hermione, was sobbing tempestuously. In my moment of astonishment I took her into my arms. Shouldn't one comfort one's golden haired little sister? I opined that one should.

"There! There, little girl!" I shouted.

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's May! How could she treat you so, and you so good and kind, and—and—oh, it will break your loving heart! It will make you an outcast—fugitive from justice!"

I smiled at her extravagance of expression; but, no matter what was the calamity, I was in no hurry to give up the warm little bundle in my arms. This was a new sensation, and altogether delightful, but quite too soon she drew herself gently away and began the explanation.

She had just received a letter from May. May had met a man in Paris, one "so dear and so handsome." Hermione quoted her sister's words with ineffable scorn—"he came of good family, he was rich, and, and, and—"

Was ever sweet deliverance so opportune?

"Hermione," I said joyfully, lifting her tearful little face up to mine.

"Hermione, you said the little maid loved the fool?"

"But that was in the story." She was blushing again.

"And so is this," I declared, bending my head.

"There was once a man," I observed contentedly, as we loitered along the homeward way, "who believed that somewhere between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers lay a land marvelously rich in gold and precious gems. He called this fabulous country El Dorado, but he never found it. I am more fortunate than Sir Walter Raleigh. I have found my El Dorado, a 'golden region,' indeed, little girl."

And Hermione, snuggling her small hand into mine, asked naively:

"When it was better fishing over in El Dorado county, wasn't it?"

Kind Words.

As the breath of the dew on the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chambers and sing the ringing strains that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And, oh, when the heart is sad and, like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul will sweep the long neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains.

Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but perhaps to cheer up their memory a long, sad life, while words of cruelty are like darks in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victims.—Saturday Evening Post.

Coral Church on an Eastern Island.

The church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the Isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian ocean. The Seychelles Islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament, form an archipelago of eleven islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tints of green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fanlike leaves give pleasant and much needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

The Truth Beautifully Told.

A miniature painter had been employed to paint a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone in her old age. It was intended that it should be a present for Mr. Gladstone on one of his birthdays. Mrs. Gladstone was particularly well pleased with the portrait, but some of the grandchildren had opinions of their own about it. One of the younger grandsons drew Mr. Gladstone aside and asked him if he did not think that the portrait was somewhat flattering.

"It isn't much like grandmother, is it?" he asked.

"My boy," replied Mr. Gladstone in his beautiful voice, "it is the truth beautifully told; that's all.—Dunlop Advertiser.

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A Curious Wooden Watch.
The most curious timekeeper perhaps that has ever been made in this country was the work of one Victor Doriot, who lived at Bristol, Tenn., in the last century. This horological oddity was nothing more or less than a wooden watch. The case was made of briar root, and the inside works—all except three of the main wheels and the springs, which were of metal—were made from a piece of an old boxwood rule. The watch, which was polished inside and outside, was made of the shoulder blade of an old cow that had been killed by the cars. "Doriot's queer watch," as it was called, was an open faced affair, with a glass crystal, and was pronounced an elegant piece of workmanship by all the watchmakers in east Tennessee.

A Wonderful Memory.
Hortensius, the great Roman lawyer and orator, had a memory of extraordinary scope and tenacity. After composing a speech or oration he could repeat it word for word exactly as he had prepared it. On one occasion he went to an auction, where the business was carried on during an entire day, and at evening, for a wager, he wrote down a list of the articles that had been sold and the prices, together with the names of the purchasers, in the order in which the purchases had been made.

Linnaeus in Africa.
Dr. Arthur J. Hayes in his "The Source of the Blue Nile" tells how the Linnaea came to drink out of the Atbara river: "They come with an undulating rush, and, small as they are, the rushing of the wind as they beat the air makes a noise like thunder, and their numbers darken the sky. The weight of the throngs of them which alight at a time bends down the ends of the overhanging branches and twigs to the level of the water."

NOTICE.
The following petition has been received by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, N. J., March 16, 1906, TO THE COUNCIL OF THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, N. J.: The undersigned subscribers, owners of one-sixth of the lands fronting on the hereinafter described proposed improvement, situated within the Town of Bloomfield in the County of Essex, do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to construct a four-foot blue stone sidewalk on the northeasterly side of Broad street, between the intersection of the right of way of the Watchung Railroad, and ending there.

Beginning on the northeasterly side of Bloomfield avenue at the intersection of the same with the southeasterly side of Broad street, and from thence running southeasterly along said northeasterly side of Bloomfield avenue about 450 feet to the northerly side of the right of way of the Watchung Railroad, and ending there.

Mary Harvey, 50 feet 100.00
Mary R. Kough, 25 " 25.00
M. T. Stanford, 60 " 60.00
A. W. Pearson, 25 " 25.00
J. J. Pearson, 25 " 25.00
Arthur & Stanford, 25 " 25.00
Leo Simon, 25 " 25.00
George M. Cadmus, 15 " 15.00
George Batsie, 10 " 10.00
Wm. H. Stevenson, 10 " 10.00
James E. Hampson, 10 " 10.00
C. Swenson, 10 " 10.00
Frederick Estate, 10 " 10.00
Elizabeth Mantz, 10 " 10.00
Charles F. Kocher, 10 " 10.00
William Batsie, 10 " 10.00

Subscribers hereby swear that the Town Council will meet on April 16th, 1906, at 8 P. M. in the Town Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building, to consider any objection that may be presented in writing to the above petition or to the proposed improvement. By order of the Town Council.

W. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J., March 19, 1906.

NOTICE.
The Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, N. J., March 15, 1906, TO THE COUNCIL OF THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, N. J.: The undersigned subscribers, owners of one-sixth of the lands fronting on the hereinafter described proposed improvement, situated within the Town of Bloomfield in the County of Essex, which will be specially benefited by the proposed improvement hereinafter mentioned and described, do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to construct a sanitary sewer in Glenwood avenue. The improvement desired set forth accurately is as follows:

Beginning in the center line of Glenwood avenue at the manhole which is at the intersection of the center line of Glenwood avenue and Llewellyn avenue, thence southeasterly along the center line of Glenwood avenue about 1500 feet to the dividing line between the Town of Bloomfield and the City of East Orange, and ending there.

NORTHERN REALTY COMPANY.
By SYMOUR P. GILBERT, Secretary.
Notice is hereby given that the Town Council will meet on April 16th, 1906, at 8 P. M. in the Town Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building, to consider any objection that may be presented in writing to the above petition or to the proposed improvement. By order of the Town Council.

W. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J., March 19, 1906.

BOROUGH OF GLEN RIDGE.
SEWER BIDS.
Sealed proposals will be received by the Borough of Glen Ridge for the construction of an eight inch earthen pipe sewer in the following streets in the Borough of Glen Ridge:

1st. In Forest Avenue from the northerly end of the present sewer north to Bay Avenue. 2d. In Forest Avenue from Douglas Road to the Montclair line.

Said sewers shall be constructed under the direction of the Committee of the Council on sewers and the Borough Engineer.

All bids must be made on blanks furnished by the Borough Clerk or Engineer, and said bids must be accompanied by a certified check for five per cent. of the cost of the work bid for.

Plans, profile and specifications may be seen at the office of the Borough Clerk at Glen Ridge and at the office of F. W. Crane, Borough Engineer, in the Crane Building, Montclair.

The Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids must be delivered to the Borough Clerk at eight o'clock P. M., on the 15th day of April, 1906, at the Council Room in Glen Ridge, N. J.

CLARENCE FLAHERTY, Borough Clerk.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.—To Mamie Shivers Malone, Glenwood Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.:
Madam:—Take notice of a suit now pending against you in the Court of Chancery of New Jersey by John Malone, your husband, in pursuance of an order of said Court, dated the first day of March, A. D. 1906, requiring and demanding that you appear and plead, answer or demur to the complaint in said suit, on or before the second day of May, A. D. 1906 next.

The object of this suit is to annul the marriage between you and John Malone on the grounds of fraud. You have been made a defendant because you are the wife of John Malone, the complainant.

Respectfully,
ALFRED J. CONLEY,
Solicitor of Complaint,
625 and 630 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.
Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the administrators of the estate of Stephen B. Gossard, will be audited and settled by the Surrogate and reported for payment to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of April next.

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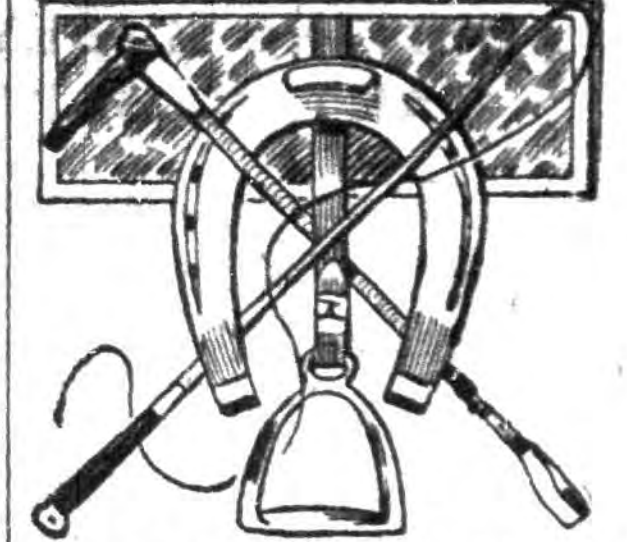
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